Imagination
The Great Usurper

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Imagination: The Great Usurper
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

What is the timeless awareness, that time-bound consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) has usurped, since who-can-ever-know-when, in the jungles of long ago. These are some of the aphorisms written over the years, that explore the mystery that is prior to all imaginary constructs.

This work is blogged at:

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Usurp, usurper, usurped.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
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Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
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Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Usurp: A Definition

u·surp | yo͞oˈsərp |
verb [with object]

take (a position of power or importance) illegally or by force:
Richard usurped the throne.

- take the place of (someone in a position of power) illegally;
supplant: the Hanoverian dynasty had usurped the Stuarts.

- [no object] (usurp on/upon) archaic encroach or infringe upon (someone's rights):
the Church had usurped upon the domain of the state.

1 Richard usurped the throne:
seize, take over, expropriate, take possession of, take, appropriate, steal,
wrest, arrogate, commandeer, annex, assume, lay claim to.

2 the Hanoverian dynasty had usurped the Stuarts:
oust, overthrow, remove, topple, unseat, depose, dethrone, eject, dispel;
succeed, come after, step into the shoes of, supplant, replace;
informal fill someone's boots, crowd out, defenestrate;
archaic deprive.

The Stillness Before Time

XIX

Who would not like to meet and hear what was actually said by the many seers,
Before the propaganda mills of time usurped them to their own ends?
Histories have always been written and edited and rewritten,
By those who won or survived or passed by later.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

26

Anything can be hijacked.
Anything can be twisted.
Anything can be altered
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be manipulated.
‘Tis the nature of the beast within.

43

Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be obliterated.

106

Consciousness can only be usurped by identity,
For as long as memory sustains the delusion.

137

Absolutely anything can be usurped.
Truth has been an unwitting collaborator to every sort of lie,
Ever since consciousness first parlayed the whimsical notions of irony and paradox.
What would existence be without their ever-brewing absurdities?

221

Truth, usurped by ignorance, yet again.

294

There is likely not anything born of mind, that cannot be usurped by ignorance.

337

Identity is merely awareness, temporarily usurped.

347

The boundless awareness is, without any movement of me or myself or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all; partial or beholden to none.

It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all;
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

400

What hope can there possibly be, when the bar,
Is set at meaningless, irrational absurdities, across the board.
When nature is usurped, ravaged, squandered, in every way, in every corner.
When the absurdity of trivia and distraction, carnivals and clowns, power and fame and fortune,
Become the mainstay, the lifeblood, the prime directive, the raison d'être.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.
Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime, ergo, tradition.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from great to small, all play parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb
To the one and only reality that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level as to make any part absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

Male and female are merely long genomic strands of an evolutionary process
Designed for relationship with nature, relationship with each other, relationship with our selves,
That the ever-changing epoch and all its technologies have in every way usurped.
We are all suffering, we are all struggling, to find our way.

* * * *

The wily middleman cannot afford to inquire too deeply,
Else he would forfeit everything he has so cunningly usurped.
His talent is parlaying smokescreens to blind all to the truth within.

* * * *

How can the parochial mind ever fathom beyond its countless divisions, its countless limitations?
Thoughts of the rare few who discern a greater vision, despite all their good intentions,
Only again and again cause swells to crash hither and thither upon the shores
Of those unable to plumb deeply beneath the vast ocean surface.
The lone sheep dog can do little to protect the flock
From the crafty, resolute pack of charlatans and usurpers.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

Soundbites

What is nationalism but the will of the individual usurped by the synergy of mob?

* * * *

And these thoughts, too, undiscerning minds may well usurp in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

The jungle of mind has usurped the jungle of origin.

* * * *

Any thought process can be usurped.

* * * *

Just about anything can be usurped for one foul purpose or another.

* * * *

Be and allow, the highest law, is daily usurped across the human theater.

* * * *

Will these thoughts, too, be usurped by one meme or another?

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be twisted, usurped, by some other agenda?

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

Timeless awareness is continually usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is now, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is the dream of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time and contrived mind into every permutation of self imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

Soundbites

Do not be usurped by gossip, and by the way, it is all gossip.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

How can the immaculate awareness be mine or yours or theirs or any other's?
How can you be anything but keenly attentive to the indelible mystery you are?
How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your true nature?
How is it you accept fictions concocted by vain notion to illuminate the inexplicable?

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely pointed out over and over, many ways, many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations, weavers of the mind's theater.
How long before the transcendental reality becomes clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reasserts its rightful sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper born of imaginary design.

* * * *

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness that enables its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot because fallacy can never reign when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space can never capture even for a moment that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is not of times and space,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

* * * *

In complete attention to anything unutterably engaging,
Little self evaporates and the awareness of true Self reigns,
Until the imaginary usurper regains its imaginary throne.

* * * *

The Me, the Myself, the I, are nothing more
Than the intangible, inseparable, indelible awareness,
Usurped by the dualistic notions of consciousness, of imagination.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

Imagination is but a streaming quantum dream,
Usurping awareness to fabricate an imaginary self.
It is only in a very still mind that you will be true Self.

* * * *

This spinning orb has been usurped by psychopaths, sociopaths, narcissists, and sundry miscreants.
The more innocuous, less invasive folk, abide the heart-breaking absurdities as best as they can,
Growing gardens, taking long walks, and staring at walls in coffee shops, bars, and ashrams.

Soundbites

Vanity is attachment to the quantum theater; the personal usurping the indivisible.

* * * *

How has imagination so usurped your awe that you are blind to your mystery?

* * * *

Absurdity usurped by madness.

* * * *

The usurpers will use any means to blind you, deceive you, into believing their way true.

* * * *

The usurpers always find ways to pervert the best intentions with one toll booth or another.

* * * *

Science will never usurp superstition.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

Cultures across every time and geography have always added imagery and idolatry
– gratuitous, frivolous, meaningless usurpations ever born of imagination –
To their ceaseless speculations regarding this unsolvable mystery,
All of which are utterly pointless when it comes to the quest for truth.

* * * *

Any given system tends to eventually grow too large, too unwieldy, too stale,
And is usurped by more adaptable systems unbound by the same constraints.
It is the nature of the manifest garden, the manifest universe, since its creation.

Soundbites

Imagination can only usurp awareness for as long as the moment allows.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

To keenly perceive the limitations of imagination's usurpation of awareness,
Is the inevitable burden of all who awaken to the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Cults and religions come and go because the multitudes
Fear suffering and oblivion, fear the unknowable,
And seek salvation from the fires of damnation,
For nothing more than evils born of imagination.
Truly, the one and only angel, the one and only demon,
The one and only usurper of awareness in all its human forms.

* * * *

Time is the creation, the dance, the dream, the frolic, the bane, of memory cells.
It was the means for imagination's gradual usurpation of instinct,
The make-believe of self, and the pretense of free will.

* * * *

The motivations of any middleman between you and truth can be more than a little dubious.
Speculation is not truth, and many if not most who consider themselves religious-slash-spiritual,
Are spellbound by, ensnared by, blinded by, the time-bound catechisms of their cultural assumptions.
Add to that the three vanities of power and fame and fortune, fueled by greed,
And truth becomes but a usurped ways and means.

Soundbites

Another day in the Great Usurpation.

* * * *

Consciousness … imagination … is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

Breadcrumbs

No grand Nietzsche-esque treatise to be usurped in this body of work.
Hopefully, history will either use these many thoughts to rational ends, or ignore me entirely.
If not, at least hopefully it will not seize them for abominable purpose,
As it has the writings of far too many other seers.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

Imagination usurped the mystery of awareness many long ago's in the mind's evolution.
It is not easily recovered, except in minds able to turn a blind eye to the world, to the cosmos.
Seers, mystics, sages, who wander freely about, aloof from the helter-skelter of the sensory theater.

* * * *

Jesus was a troublemaker, and Buddha, too.
Both were tortured as the given cultures saw fit.
One died painfully on a cross, that turned into a cult.
The other, tormented still, as a garden statue,
Shit on by birds scavenging for worms.
And Nietchze, poor Nietzsche, poor Nietzsche.
He is still one-flew-into-the-cuckoo's-nest, bat-shit crazy,
Over the way his life's work was usurped, and twisted into doublespeak,
By Hitler & Crew, with the aid of his sister, that ultimately killed and scarred so many.
Which brings up the fact, that Jesus is not happy about how many have suffered in his name, either.
None have come back to save us, to lead us to God, at least, that any true believers,
Or town-criers, have thus far noted in the unpopular popular press.

* * * *

Who can know the acclaim, the derision, the anonymity, their life work will bear.
How many great thinkers, great mystics, would perhaps burn their entire creation,
Rather than have their good intentions be twisted and usurped by the small-minded,
By the self-serving trolls that ever lurk in the shadows waiting for quarry to feed upon.

* * * *

History is a rolodex of story after story.
All born of imagination's usurpation of the moment.
So many pretending they know so much, pretending to be so much.
An absurd little dream of countless forays into every inanity imagination can devise;
All to be forgotten in natural selection's unintended consequences file.

Soundbites

Do not be usurped.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be usurped?

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Imagination: The Great Usurper

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Do Not Be Usurped

* * * *

The Usurpation of Truth

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

III

Is there anything that cannot be twisted, usurped, by some other agenda?

XXII

So much of our quantum manifest existence is a collusion of vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity.
Each of us wandering restlessly through life, masturbating each other's egos.
All nothing more than imagination usurping the ever-present moment.

XLI

In our time's industrial-technological mindset,
The cyclic rhythms of planets and moons and stars,
Are usurped in every way by mechanisms and algorithms.
More and more, we merely simulate existence, function unwittingly,
Not all that differently from tedious, senseless, mindless, zombie-esque cogs,
In a traumatized world where concepts have replaced nature,
In any and every ways and means one might look.

CXVII

The usurpation of homo sapien consciousness over the natural order is bound to tumble.
Those who do not abide by the rules of the game must eventually be thrown off the board.

* * * *

The usurpation of homo sapien consciousness
Over the natural order is bound to tumble.
Those who do not abide by the rules
Of the game must eventually be
Thrown off the game board.

CXXXI

Usurping nature in every way, imagination creates its own reality.

CLXXVIII

The most effective way to destroy an idea is to usurp the message with doublespeak.

CLXXXII

What a blatant mockery organized religion us of the teachers whose teachings they usurp.

CCXXXI

To usurp all that is good for maligned reason, is the way of the believer.

CCXLI

Ignorance will usurp anything for its own ends.

CCLI

Anything can be usurped.

CCLII

Alas, truth ignored and usurped yet again.

* * * *

What has not been usurped?

CCLV

What cannot be known cannot be usurped.

CCLVI

Anything and everything can be usurped for alternative purpose.
So, question anything and everything as often as necessary,
And always be cautious about what is accepted as true.

* * * *

There is a tendency for truth to be usurped and distorted in every way imaginable.

CCLVII

History has proven over and over again that anything can be usurped.

CCLXIII

How convenient it is for the multitude
Only capable of misinterpreting and usurping
The true meaning of those given vision.

CCLXVI

The irony of it all, of course, is how many usurp so many concepts,
Without even beginning to comprehend their true meaning.

The literal-minded are mesmerized by their absurdity.

CCLXX

Middlemen have risen to usurp the truth,
On every stage the play of mind has ever witnessed.
Put the many parasites behind you, and discover the sovereignty
Of your Self, in your Self, for your Self, by your Self.

CCLXXVII

Do not be usurped by gossip, and by the way, it is all gossip.

CCLXXXVI

It is the so-called scriptures that are relevant, that are worth perusing.
The thoughts of the thinkers from all times, all geographies;
Not the cults that have endlessly usurped them.

CCLXXXIX

No delusion can usurp the truth in any way ultimately meaningful.

CCXCI

Dogma uses that which it claims is truth to propagandize its confining stance.
And truth that is abridged, truth that is usurped for false purpose, is not the truth.

CCXCI

How ironic that the earnest encouragement of so many,
For others to raise themselves into goodness and wisdom and truth,
Is so often unheeded or forgotten or neglected or usurped.

CCXCIV

Usurp the usurper until they have nothing left to usurp.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.